



# Eye of the Needle



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## Chapter 1 by Sara Rogers

The freezing cold blood coursing through her veins had to be what was causing her to shake uncontrollably. The strong overpowering smell of sterile alcohol filled her nostrils and her stomach turned as she began to move her hands to cover her shivering chest. But she couldn't move them. She tugged and pulled and used all of her might but her wrists were... strapped down...but to what.

"Mam? Mam? Can you hear me?" An unknown voice coming from somewhere behind me, maybe beside her was asking. "Mam?"

"I...am...so...cold," she managed to say between the chattering of her teeth. "I...I can't move my arms," she cried.

"Mam," the voice spoke again, this time it came from right next to her and she felt the warmth from speaking mans hand rest upon her arm. "Mam you are going to be okay, but can you tell me your name and your birth date," he asked.

"My name is Mya," she said. She began to open her eyes to see whom she was speaking to but it was so very bright, like she was staring at the sun, and she squinted, slowly taking in this man that was sitting beside her. None of his physical characteristics even registered in Mya's brain, all that she saw was his uniform. "Ouch!" she cried out as the room she was laying in started to go over bumps almost as though they were driving. "Where am I?" she called out to the man in a uniform, "Who are you?"

"Can you tell me your birth date Mya?" he asked her again.

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"Yes you are, can you please tell me your birthdate?" the medic asked her again as he moved carefully around the back of the bus, with a clipboard in his hand. Mya struggled to remember the question just asked to her and as she tried to answer sleep began to overtake her as her eyes rolled back into her head.

"Mya. Mya!" the medic shook her arm trying to get her to come back, but she was in her own world now, black, cold, distant, no lights.

"I need 2 more mg of Naloxone Richardson, she's fading out on us again," the medic said to his partner.

Richardson handed the syringe to Hunter as he said, "Bury it deep in this one. She'll feel it this time."

Mya felt a huge stick in her arm and the agonizing pain, nausea and bitter cold swept back through her body with a vengeance. "What the fuck!" she screamed at Hunter, "Oh my God I am freezing please stop it, make it stop! What are you doing to me!"

Hunter sat back down beside her as the ambulance began to near the hospital. "I am saving your life. You took some heroin tonight Mya. We need to know how much. Can you tell us your birth date," he asked her yet again. Mya told him her birth date as she writhed under the restraints of the gurney in pain and began to vomit and soil herself. The night came flooding back to her now, in bits and pieces. The hotel room, the thousand dollars, the gun, the robbery, her partner Jessica and the gram of the best brown dog she had gotten in awhile.

"Where is my money," she cried, "where is my fucking dope!" She was angry, so sick and bitter and as she began to recall what had happened the more rage she had towards these medics.

"Mya, we are pulling into the hospital, you overdosed tonight. You were unconscious and not breathing when we arrived," Hunter informed her. "The last thing you need to worry about is your drugs and your money, so calm down, we have not taken anything from you, stop screaming, and settle down now," he told her in a firm tone. "You've been given Narcan to reverse the effects of the heroin, but we need to know how much you took Mya."

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Mya glared up at him as the ambulance back doors were swung open. "Screw you. Screw you both. Screw you for messing up my high! And screw you for..."

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